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placing so pointedly in the hand of the Earl a spray of eglantine.

THE GOLDEN OAK BRANCH FOR JOFFRE

(See page 50)

When General Joffre was in America a number of persons who admired the man and were impressed by the magnitude of his services in stemming the flood of the invader and saving the world from a highly organized and desperate league of dispoilers, formed a Joffre Tribute Committee which includes many prominent men and women. The committee soon raised the funds for a gift which is reproduced on page 50. It is a branch of oak with acorns, modeled in graceful, realistic style from high-carat gold, on the leaves of which is carved the laconic dedication: AU HEROS DE LA MARNE. It was more particularly the bloody contests along the River Marne in September 1914 that gave the world to understand the unflinching, calm and simple nature of Joffre, who often has been compared to Grant for the firmness of his temperament, his nerve, his lack of "swagger." The future may hold still greater deeds in its lap for General Joffre, but the battle of the Marne at present represents his highest achievement; hence the inscription. The tribute has been forwarded to France and presented.

The designer by a quaint combination of events is a Franco-American citizen in business as a jeweler in New York. Mr. Paul Gillot of Gillot & Co., a Fifth Avenue jewelry firm, dropped his work on the outbreak of the war and was wounded in the long defense of the Verdun forts against the furious assaults of the armies under the German Imperial Crown Prince. He was wounded and returned to America to recuperate. The extraordinary fervor of New York when General Joffre came over with Mr. Balfour inspired Mr. Gillot to devise a suitable gift, and the Joffre Tribute Committee organized by him saw to it that the idea should be realized. The oak has always been a symbol of power and endurance since the oak at Dodona gave oracles from the most powerful of Greek gods and the Druids of Gaul cut the mistletoe with golden sickles from the favored oak.

Then here's to the oak, the brave old oak
Who stands in his pride alone!
And still flourish he, a hale green tree
When a hundred years are gone!

as Chorley wrote a half century or more ago. We can not hope that "Papa Joffre" will live a hundred years, but is it not a satisfaction to know that in his hale green old age he has received a visible, tangible memorial of the esteem felt for him by who knows how many millions of people?

NEW GROUP IN THE A. M. OF N. H.

The museum that fronts on Central Park West, New York has been adding to its groups of wild beasts and birds posed in lifelike animation amid landscapes which are as nearly as possible exact according to their habitat. A scene at nightfall in the Adirondacks has a background painted by Hobart Nichols, A. N. A. and the foreground and middle distance with imitation grass, leaves and trees carried out by Albert E. Butler. High grass and a clump of alders are seen in a clearing of the forest and among them on the fringe of the wood is a

group of buck, doe and fawn. These are fine specimens of the big Virginia deer taken from the herds of Col. Franklin Brandreth and mounted by Walter Escherich. The combination of work by taxidermist, composer of group and painter of background is very satisfactory. One is inclined to believe that group pictures like these do something more than relieve the observer from the discomfort that assails him when shown a case full of stuffed animals; they interest people in the life of birds and beasts and by so doing assist in the endeavor to make men regard them, not as objects to shoot or trap but to examine and enjoy for the charm of their unspoiled freedom. It is beauty touching science with her wand.

OLD MASTERS STOLEN FROM PETROGRAD

The rioting in Petrograd has given a free hand to looters and many palaces containing works of art are said to have been plundered by combinations of thieves as systematically as the museums and palaces in Belgium and France were gutted by the disciplined Vandals under the German flag. The contents of the palace of the Grand Duke Michael looking on the Neva River have disappeared, including a famous Correggio; and those of the Emperor at Tsarskoe-Selo and Peterhof, as well as that of the Empress Marie in Petrograd have shared the same fate. The worst blow would be the looting of the Hermitage, a palace celebrated for its collections of Rembrandts, Rubenses, Van Dycks and other treasures of Dutch, Flemish and Italian art; this also is reported. As the United States offer the only available fields for the sale of these well-known and carefully tabulated pictures, it is predicted that the looters will try to dispose of them on this side of the Atlantic, especially since a good many of the rioters are crooks who have been in America and "know the ropes." It is to be wished that they should be brought here, for they can then be saved from destruction and restored to Petrograd after the war. Any action should be employed that may prevent the persons in whose hands they appear from vandalizing them from fear of being detected with stolen goods; dealers and collectors of old masters are put on their guard herewith.

AN ACKNOWLEDGMENT

In publishing in our September number the article by Mr. E. H. Blashfield on John W. Alexander, we failed, through inadvertence, to note that the paper was originally prepared and presented at a meeting held in memory of Mr. Alexander in the Corcoran Gallery of Art, Washington, D. C., on May 18th, 1916, in connection with the Seventh Annual Convention of the American Federation of Arts, our national art society; that it had been printed in the July 1916 issue of *The American Magazine of Art*, the Federation's publication, and that to the courtesy of the American Federation of Arts, by whom it had been copyrighted at that time, we owed the privilege of reprinting.

ANOTHER WHISTLER TALE

Whistler had his fun with the London painter Mompes but the latter has once or twice got even with him. Now and then a new story about the exuberant James crops up. Some if not most

stories are of Whistler getting the better in a contest of wits; this one shows him overwhelmed. Mortimer Mempes took "the master" to see a cranky old lady of his acquaintance but warned him to be careful: "O," said James the magnificent in his airy, butterfly way, "when she sees the Master she will be silent." Whistler was presented:

"Is *this* the master?" she said, in a voice that made me creep.

"Yes," I somewhat quaveringly replied.

"Oh!" she said, "there's some mistake here; this surely isn't, it simply *can't* be the master—the master of whom I have heard for so many years! *This!* Why, the very idea is preposterous!"

Whistler was furious. "Madam!" he screamed.

"Silence!" thundered the old lady. "Jane, the wind is in the east." Jane stepped forward and fixed the arrow in the direction indicated. "And when the wind's in the east, Mr. Whistler, that means silence."

"But, madam, this is simply——"

But he got no farther. Black with passion, our old hostess screamed out:

"Jane, the wind's northeast!" Again Jane fixed the arrow as requested. "And when the wind's in the northeast it means the interview is at an end."

"This is outrage, madam, an outrage to the master," whimpered the crushed and broken artist.

"Give me your arm, Jane," said the old lady, "and I will go out east by nor'-nor'-east," she added, as, assisted by the maid and the butler, she made her slow progress from the room, carefully facing E.N.N.E., although her doing so involved an extremely uncomfortable crooked and tortuous and crab-like motion and attitude of body.

Whistler, too amazed to speak, and indeed too frightened, whispered to me:

"I suppose we go out east, too."

The sharp-eared old lady overheard him.

"You can please yourself, Mr. Whistler; you can go out north or south or east or west or all four together if you wish. I pray you stand not on the order of your going, so long as you go. Ha-ha!" she cried, in the accents of transpontine melodrama. "Ha-ha! the master has met with his Waterloo!"

Whistler said one word only as we found ourselves in the windy street, and one only, "Amazing!"

The question naturally comes to one: did Mortimer Mempes, weary of the "ragging" he got from his master, arrange this little scene beforehand with his eccentric "ladifren"? It looks that way—or else it's an anodyne like some of Jimmy's own.

DUTCH vs. ITALIAN PICTURES

Insistence on the humbleness of the Holy Family hardly tallied with the Christianity of the Renaissance or even with the psychology of the poor believer, who loves to dress up his gods as Magnificent Ones, for whom to adore is to adorn. Aristocracy is the note of Italian painting—the Holy Family takes formal precedence, but the Colonnas and the Medicis rank their families no less select. The outflowing of Dutch art was like the change from the airless Latin of the scholars to the blowy idioms with which real European literature began. Italian art expressed dignity, beauty, religion; Dutch art went back to life to find all these in life itself. It was the efflorescence of triumphant democracy of the Dutch Republic, surgent from the waves of Spain and Catholicism as indomitably as she had risen from the North Sea. Hence this sturdy satisfaction with reality. Rembrandt painted with equal hand ribs of beef and ribs of men. The Low Countries invented the fruit and flower-piece and the fish and game-piece. That Low Art hails from the nether lands is not a mere coincidence. Holland was less a country than a

piece of the bed of the sea to which men stuck like limpets. * * * * And so, never has earthiness found more joyous expression than in his pictures. What gay content with the colors of clothes and the shafts of sunshine and the ripe forms of women and the hues of meats and fishes! O the joy of skating on the frozen canals! O the jolly revels in village taverns! Hail the ecstasy of the Kermesse! "How good is man's life, the mere living." "It is a pleasant thing to have beheld the sun." These are the notes of Dutch art, which is like a perpetual grace to God for the beauty of common things. * * * * Even in the Dutch and Flemish images of doom I have thought to detect a note of earth-laughter, almost an irresponsible gaiety. *Israel Zangwill in "Italian Fantasies": Macmillan, 1910.*

"ART AND CITIZENSHIP"

Ian B. Stoughton Holborn of Merton College, Oxford University, begins in this number a series of articles on "Art and Citizenship" which we think readers will follow with pleasure and profit. Mr. Holborn is the author of "The Need for Art in Life," "Art and Beauty," "Architectures of European Religions," "Children of Fancy," a volume of poems, etc. Besides, he has lectured extensively in England and in this country with success.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS—GREETING:

Most gratifying are the daily letters from subscribers who write to tell us of the coming into their home life of THE ART WORLD. Naturally it is not possible to reply to each and every one, much as we would like to do so. But we send this greeting, assuring them of our entire sympathy and our desire to keep in close touch with them as friend with friend.

We appreciate heartily every letter that comes to us discussing our work in the world, and, whether in kindly criticism or friendly commendation they speak, we want them to know that each letter is a stimulus and uplift.

Write us therefore, most honored subscribers, frankly and intimately, whenever you are pleased to so remember us. Tell us if you think we can make THE ART WORLD more helpful in the home and more inspiring in its text and illustrations; we want your suggestions.

The occasional reader, too, into whose hands THE ART WORLD may now and then fall, might also take the trouble, so we hope, to let us hear from him or her; for we crave advice; this magazine is a human document bearing a message which we trust may bring its own welcome.

THE EDITORS

NEW SNEDECOR GALLERIES

One of the oldest galleries for the sale of paintings in New York is the Snedecor founded by John Snedecor in 1852 at 749 Broadway. Continued by his son Charles Edward who died recently, it has changed its place once more under his successor E. C. Babcock. The Snedecor Galleries now occupy a house arranged for them, No. 19 East 49th Street, where a very attractive exhibition of American and Dutch pictures has been installed. There is a marvelous little "Macbeth and the Witches" by Albert